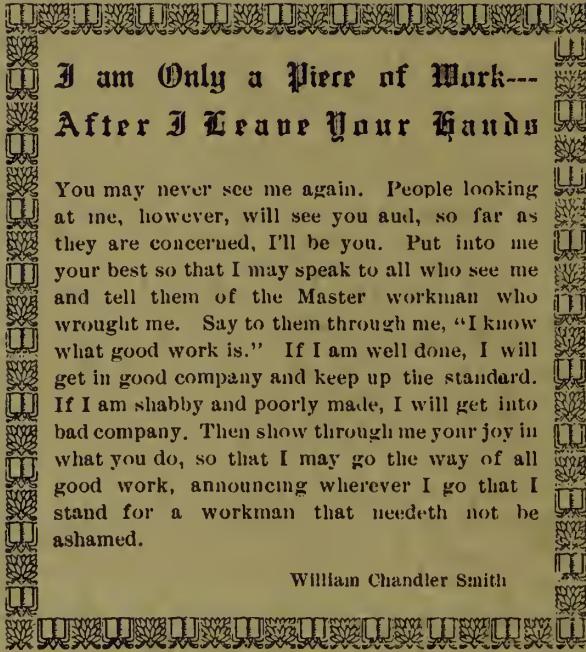


THE DEBATER

1914
GRADUATION
NUMBER



I am Only a Piece of Work--- After I Leave Your Hands

You may never see me again. People looking at me, however, will see you and, so far as they are concerned, I'll be you. Put into me your best so that I may speak to all who see me and tell them of the Master workman who wrought me. Say to them through me, "I know what good work is." If I am well done, I will get in good company and keep up the standard. If I am shabby and poorly made, I will get into bad company. Then show through me your joy in what you do, so that I may go the way of all good work, announcing wherever I go that I stand for a workman that needeth not be ashamed.

William Chandler Smith

The W. H. S. Debater

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No. 2

Judgment

ONCE dear readers, in the days of long ago, there was a king. This king was a bigoted, selfish sort of a person, who had a very hard time trying to rule his subjects according to his ideas.

This king could say such foolish things in such a wise and solemn manner, that a witty Frenchman was heard to remark that the king was "the wisest fool in Christendom," though a sterner, and perhaps far wiser man had called him "God's silly vassal."

However that may be, this wise fool caused a great thing to be done before he died, which is what I am trying to get at, and the reason I am repeating all this history. "The vassal of God," silly or otherwise, wishing to astound the world with his learning, caused to be written, and translated a certain Book, composed of the sayings of a certain Great Man, His history, and the history of His nation.

The king wrought even better than he knew; for the Book lived after him, and was carried into every land, and is still read, revered, and loved the world over, which shows that the old king couldn't have been such a bad sort of person after all.

This Holy Man, about whom the Book was written, uttered many wise and very beautiful sayings to guide those who should come after him. These sayings so astonished the people who heard them, that certain historians preserved them, and wrote them down in a book. Among the historians was one named Matthew, who heard a great sermon delivered by this Man, whom men called Jesus, which contained such great truths and was so full of love and kindly advice, that Matthew, recognizing its greatness, wrote it word for word in the Book, which was translated for the wise, but foolish king.

Of all that great sermon, there is one saying which lingers in my mind. It is, "Judge not that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged."

Look at it, dear reader. Perhaps you have read it before, if so bear with me a while. Look at it again! What a wonderful thing it is,—a command, a warning, and kindly advice all in one little sentence. "Judge not." You have a command, pure and simple, given to the people by their leader. If He had cared less, He would have stopped right there, and gone on His way; but being full of love for His people, He continued with words of advice and warning;—"for if ye judge, ye shall be judged" in return and the return judgment will be just as kindly, or just as severe, as your own, and it will descend on your head with the exact measure and force with which you judged. For so said the great Teacher who knew human nature beyond all other men.

Can you think of all the people whom you have judged, and who are judging you in return? You and I judge somebody every day. I say, "I don't like that fellow, he is a fool." In the meantime what does that fellow think of me? I should hesitate to be told. Perhaps you say, "What a mean disposition that person has! He won't do a thing I request of him."

We probably have greatly misunderstood those we have judged, but that isn't going to help in the least in their judgment of us.

The day may come when people will no longer disregard the teaching set forth in the good Book, but will live in perfect peace with one another in accordance with its teaching.

Dear reader, let us help that day to arrive by being careful what our judgments are. If we must judge our neighbors, let us do it in a kindly spirit to help them, and to be helped by them. Perhaps the time may come when the judgments against us will grow lighter until we walk a free people.

Then will it come to pass that—

"No war or battles' sound
Is heard the world around,"
and

"A reign of peace upon the earth" has begun.

Williams.

A Sardine Factory

IT was a peculiar building, the factory, and when I first saw it I stood still and looked. It was a low-studded building, built on the slope of the shore in such a way that one story was seen from the front and two from the back. The sides were clapboarded and painted red. The roof, which was nearly flat, was nearly covered with tar paper. A tall chimney, made of a red clay drain pipe, had forced its way through one end of the building and was calmly belching forth smoke. A broad wooden walk, nearly as wide as the street, led to the corner of the building where one half of it seemed to enter and the other continued to the back of the building.

I took this latter walk and made my way to the rear of the factory. Here, a short wharf drew my attention. It was a narrow wharf, covered almost wholly with fishing tackle and filth, except for one little place at the further end. This place, however, served as the site for a small red building, which contained a pumping machine. A small wooden canal, about a foot wide and fifteen inches deep, led from the pumping station to the factory. The canal was raised to the height of eight feet above the wharf. It sloped gently toward the main building until it was within a few feet of its destination and here it dropped sharply. The wooden bottom had been removed from the top of this sharp decline and a piece of wire netting inserted.

I did not understand this arrangement, so I made some inquiries. In answer to my questions, I was told that the canal was used for floating the sardines, which are really little herrings, into the factory. It seems that the fish are brought to the factory in small tug-boats. A big hose is lowered into the hold of the tug and the fish are pumped, by means of the pumping station, into the canal. Water is pumped into the canal at the same time and the fish are floated to the sharp dip; here the water runs through the wire netting and the fish slide into the building and into tanks built to receive them.

The floor inside the factory was made of cement, and it was covered with water and slime. The tanks, I found, were situated near the door. They were made of heavy planks and the inside, which was about four feet wide, eight feet long and five feet deep, was lined with zinc. They were, at that time, full of fish and water. They did not remain full very long, however, because a sort of wire escalator, which led upstairs, was carrying off an endless stream of fish.

This interested me and I went up-stairs. I found that the end of the escalator was spreading the fish on flakers. Flakers are wire trays which are about three feet long and two feet wide and look like wire letter trays with the sides cut off. As soon as one of the flakers is covered with fish it is removed and an empty one is put

in its place. The loaded flakers are put into a tall rack, which holds about forty of them. I watched this process for some time until I noticed that the racks which were full were being pushed off to some other part of the building.

I followed one of the racks and learned that it was pushed into a vault, which was almost exactly like a vault in a bank. When the vault contained a sufficient number of racks, it was closed and bolted, and steam was turned on. This, of course, after a short time, cooked the fish. The steam was then turned off and the racks removed into a cooling room.

A big electric fan was inserted in the wall of the cooling room. The blades of this fan were turned so that it drew the air from the room, thereby causing a terrific draught. The draught was so strong that, at a distance of six feet, it would draw one's hair out straight. It always seemed strange to me that it did not draw the fish out of doors. It can easily be imagined, however, that the fish were soon cooled off.

From here the fish were taken into a large room full of girls. Each girl stood before a little bench. Everyone was busy and I was quite startled when a girl, who was working at a bench near which I was standing, turned suddenly and cried "Fish." A boy immediately rushed over with a flaker full of cooked and cooled fish, and gave it to her in exchange for her empty one. She at once picked up a small pair of scissors and cut off the head of every fish on the flaker. She then packed the fish, just as they were, into cans of oil or mustard. The heads were thrown into a receptacle for that purpose. These receptacles were emptied, at certain intervals, into a wheelbarrow. The fish heads were then carried outside and deposited in a large bin, from which they were sold to the farmers, for fertilizer, at fifteen cents a barrel.

The fish themselves, now in little boxes, were sent to sealing machines. Here, covers were put on the boxes and the machines sealed them air tight. The machine, after it had sealed the boxes, threw them into a barrel.

They were then taken down stairs and recooked. This second cooking was to see if the cans were air tight. If any air was enclosed in a can, the heat expanded it and it caused the cover to bulge. When this happened, the can was thrown away. If, however, the cover remained fixed, the wrappers and stickers were put on and the can of sardines was ready for the market.

EARLE STEWART, '14.



I wonder if a teacher ever gets soft-hearted and boosts a fellow by because he pleads terror of the paternal frown; or because he offers to oblige the teacher in some way. Anyway, the teacher should consider whether the fellow can keep his word or not, if only to be business like.

Musical Stones

HOW many of my readers know that common stones and rocks can peal forth the most beautiful musical tones? The credit of discovering this fact belongs to Alonzo R. Gilman of South Berwick, Maine. Out of rocks and stones he has made an instrument, known as the "Rockophone," capable of producing musical tones. This "Rockophone," the only one of its kind in the world, is now at Hampstead, New Hampshire, and it was here that I had the pleasure of seeing it and of hearing several familiar tunes played on it.

One day, while Mr. Gilman was in the woods, he picked up a stone which had iron in it, and upon hitting it with a steel hammer, he was surprised at the sweet-sounding vibrations. It occurred to him that there might be music as well as sermons in stones and that if several could be found which had variations, a tune could be played. He set, immediately, to work out his idea and in eight months he had found eight stones with which he was able to play a ditty.

Having found these, he was spurred on to gather more, and so for seventeen long years he collected earth-loads of stones, testing each stone and throwing out those which had no musical sound.

All the stones which Mr. Gilman used in making his wonderful "Rockophone" were found in Maine and New Hampshire in stone-walls, along the roadside or in fields. All stones except marble, slate and granite, in Maine and New Hampshire, contain iron pyrites and it is from this, that the tone comes. From the thin, long stones, the highest pitches are given, and from the thick, heavy stones, the deep bass sounds are obtained.

He arranged the stones the same as the keys on the piano except that they rest on small rubber tubes which fit into grooves in the steel frames. The rubber is used to help the vibration, for if the stones rested on a hard surface, such as steel, the sound would be deadened. The stones which make up this instrument vary in length from six inches to three feet and weigh from one to fifty pounds. It was after he had arranged the stones in their frames, that he built the case in which they rest. The frame, which is box-shape, is twelve feet in length and three and one-half feet in width. It is of white-wood stained green.

People have urged Mr. Gilman to patent his "Rockophone," but he has refused to do so. Thus the opportunity of making one of these instruments is open to anyone who has the patience and the sensitive ear for music which are required to do the work successfully.

RUTH W. BOARDMAN, '14.



We ought to have a fire drill every recess when G. B. goes up in the belfry.

The Teaching of English at Home and at School

AN English Conference was held by the Kosmos Club on March 6, under the auspices of the New England Association of Teachers of English—Mr. Samuel Thurber of Newtonville, chairman of the committee on conferences, presided.

The theme of the conference, "The Teaching of English at Home and at School", was discussed under three topics: first, "The Point of View of the Teacher"; second, "Problems of the Parent"; and third, "What shall our Children Read?"

The first topic, "The Point of View of the Teacher," was discussed in a very able manner by Mr. Charles Swain Thomas, head of the English department at the Newton High School. Mr. Thomas is also educational editor for Houghton-Mifflin, and one of the authors of the "Thomas and Howe Rhetoric", used in our High School. Mr. Thomas, who is well acquainted with children both as a teacher and as a father, told his views based upon his own experiences.

He considers a child lucky if his parents know what is right in English and have a care that he shall learn what is right. He believes that children should be seen and heard and that mental training while the child is young is of more importance than grammatical correctness. The parents who care about the language of a child will also guard the literature which he reads. A child will be influenced for life by the impressions that he receives while young. For instance, if a child reads a great deal about fairies and sprites, his imagination will become keen and active; if he reads history and patriarchal literature, sternness and severity will become his traits.

Mr. Thomas said, "Watch the moving-picture shows carefully. If they do good for the child and raise his mental powers, encourage him to go. If they are bad and lower his power of phrasing, keep him away." The same is true of the theatre. One should use his own judgment as to what is beneficial and what is not. Surely, no one can listen to Forbes Robertson without deriving benefit from his clear enunciation.

Mr. Thomas believes that what a person thinks has great influence upon the physical nature. If a person is careless in thinking, his voice will become displeasing to the ear. He stated the case of two sisters of his acquaintance. While young, their voices were remarkably alike. In the course of time, one of these sisters became a rich woman, cultivated and refined. The other was obliged to live in poverty and ignorance. There is now a great contrast in the tones of their voices; the one, soft and cultured; the other, disagreeable and nasal. One must not be heedless in voice training. The

practise of reading aloud doubles the powers of oral interpretation.

Mr. Thomas next spoke of the child's vocabulary. He said, "We are careful to store up penuries for the child's bank, but we are careless about his word-hord." The average person has about three thousand words in his vocabulary. Shakespeare, as we know, had fifteen thousand and Milton, eight thousand. The average child at six years of age has something over six hundred words. The vocabulary should increase regularly and rapidly even at mature age, not for the purpose of acquiring big words to use on occasions, but for the purpose of using exact words on particular occasions.

Mr. Thomas places great stress on sentence structure. Children advance more rapidly if their parents use the best connectives, putting subordinate ideas in subordinate terms. The greatest trouble in oral composition is the frequent use of the conjunction "and". This can be remedied by omitting it in some cases, and by using subordinating connectives in other cases. Again, Mr. Thomas stated that a high plane of thinking brings the language expression to a high plane, also.

The second speaker of the afternoon was Mrs. Wallace C. Boyden of Newtonville. Mrs. Boyden is a mother who has paid a great deal of attention to the education of her children and is therefore well qualified to speak upon the second topic, "Problems of the Parent". She said that we must begin early upon the mental training of a child and must keep at it. She compared a child's mind to a garden. Something must grow in it, and if the best seeds are not planted, ugly weeds will grow there. A child's mind should first be influenced by poetry. The study of poetry leaves culture, images and precious thoughts. The reading of poetry should be encouraged, first, because it is the smoothest form of literature; second, it is an invaluable aid to the use of good English; third, it is a stimulus for the imagination; and fourth, it appeals to the spiritual nature. Mrs. Boyden gave a list of fifty prose works suitable for children to read. She especially emphasized "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Bible Stories." "Children must be read aloud to," says Mrs. Boyden, "and story-telling goes hand in hand with reading aloud."

Lastly, Professor Wm. Allan Neilson, professor of English at Harvard College, discussed the question, "What shall our Children Read?" He changed the subject somewhat and spoke especially on "What our Children shall not Read." "First," said Professor Neilson, "The child must not read the colored supplement of the Sunday paper. The jokes are very poor and degrade the mind. Secondly, the child must not read books with constant shocks and surprises. These books deaden his sense of appreciation." What a child reads should be what we want him to imitate. He should read for the building of ideals, for the appreciation of sound,

for the filling the mind with recollections, and for the gaining of material for imagination.

This is the first time that an English conference has been held in connection with a Woman's Club; so much interest was shown in the meeting that Mr. Thurber, chairman of the committee, recommended at the regular March meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of English that an attempt be made to hold such meetings in other parts of New England.

HILDUR L. CARLSON, '14.

* *

Milton's Use of Words

I THINK a good definition for a poet would be:—an artist who uses words instead of paints in the making of his pictures. If this is true, a poet's words must be his most important stock in trade. He must choose the proper word for the meter; he must choose the most picturesque word; and it must be a word that will make his line musical.

In Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Pensero", the words have been chosen with such care and discrimination that their study is extremely interesting.

Picturesque words are found in these two poems in great numbers. Words that add color and beauty to the picture the poet is placing before his readers are found in every line. In "L'Allegro" all is bright, shining and joyous. This is well shown by the following lines:—

"Sometime walking, not museen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

"Il Pensero" gives the idea of the gray, shadowy light, more suited to study and meditation:—

"And when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, Goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves."

These two quotations show how important the words expressing color are to the beauty of the poem.

On account of Milton's love of harmony, musical words are also very frequent. In "L'Allegro" the bird of happiness is the lark that sings his glad song in the morning. The bird that sings his sweet, sad song in "Il Pensero" is the nightingale. Another very striking idea in the latter poem shows how beautifully the sound of the words may suggest the sense which they convey:—

"I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar."

Words such as these, suggesting beauty of sound, must, I think, make a deep impression upon even the superficial reader.

On the other hand, of course, one might say that Milton uses words with which we are unfamiliar; but let us consider for a moment. Just as there is fashion in dress and manners, so is there fashion in the use of words. One generation may prefer elaborate words of classical origin, another may choose those derived from the Anglo Saxon or Old English. A word may be in common use today, but become obsolete before two generations have passed. Naturally, in two and a half centuries very great changes occur in the language, and this is why we find it difficult to read Milton's poems with understanding.

Persistent study will overcome this difficulty, however, and the pleasure and the cultivation which comes from the study of Milton's poetry is worth all the effort that is made.

ETHEL J. MACMASTER, '14.

* *

Why I Like French

(Being a composite statement of the members of the Senior Class on what the study of French has meant to them.)

IT is my opinion that a good knowledge of English, with a general understanding of science, determines an educated person; but it is impossible for a person to attain any height in either of these studies unless he acquaints himself with other languages, especially those upon which his own is based, and in which some of the greatest scientific achievements are described. The old Greek and Latin languages are probably the best to develop the English, but those are dead languages, and are confined almost wholly to ancient history and mythology, while the French is the living language of a live people,—a people of great writers and statesmen, who have built up a great republic.

The study of French has helped me to a better understanding of English. It has been interesting to compare the two languages; to note their differences and similarities; to mark the fine distinction between words, — and their derivations. It has helped me to think exactly. Translation is necessary to the full understanding of thought, and in translating, it is inevitable that the constant searching for the proper word should aid me in enlarging my English vocabulary.

Again, one's outlook becomes broadened by studying the ways and customs of other lands, and from the French stories I have read I have a better understanding of the French people. I know more about their customs and habits than I did before. I can more easily sympathize with their ideas and ideals, and I therefore am more interested in France, and have more affection for

that country than any other foreign country except England. I know much more about the city of Paris, which I intend one day to visit, and which next to Rome is the most fascinating of the old cities.

Since I began Senior French, I have been led to read in English several histories of the Revolution, most of Victor Hugo's works, and those of several other French authors. The history has enabled me to comprehend the real character of the people of France, before and during the great Revolution. It has given me an insight into their lives.

But more important than anything else, is my introduction to French literature. I can now read ordinary French with a uniform degree of understanding, and I can make my own observations. I have noted that the peculiarity of every French play and novel that I have read is that there is a hidden moral meaning, either intended toward royalty and nobility, or for the people at large; I have found that the wit is witty; that the characters, such as L'Abbé Constantine and Jean Valjean are strong and vivid. In a word, the books that I have read have given me a decided appetite for more and my study of French will by no means cease when I leave the high school.

Lastly, if one has the opportunity to travel in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium or Russia, he will find a knowledge of written and spoken French very nearly a necessity. And so to be "up to the times," one must have some knowledge of French. For these and other reasons I am not sorry that I studied French. *Pas du tout!*

* *

What the High School Has Done For Me

1. The social life of the school has constantly exerted a favorable influence upon me. The free interchange of ideas and information for mutual benefit has given me an abiding faith in human nature and helped me to understand and appreciate my fellow pupils.

2. Sometimes when talking and arguing with some friend, angry words are ready to leap from my tongue, but the presence of a young lady sitting near has caused me to stifle the angry words and helped me to control my temper.

3. The free and unhampered intercourse with young men of my own age has helped me to form more definite ideas and to see clearly reasons for my decisions. The Debating Society is, I think, the greatest aid in this respect.

4. The four years in high school has given me the opportunity for mental development. I once worked in

a factory for a short time. I found that I had to keep hustling from six in the morning until six at night for fear of losing my job. The work was of such a nature that it soon became practically mechanical, requiring no thought. The speed at which I was compelled to work kept me from thinking of anything save getting quicker motions out of my arms.

My work in school is rapid but it has required thought, which has resulted in the development of my mind. This opportunity has been of priceless value to me.

J. W. LEACH, '14



What Wakefield Boys and Girls Need

1. A new high school building.
2. A high school hall for assemblies.
3. An up-to date laboratory.
4. An historical room.
5. A library building.
6. A reference library.
7. A well-appointed reading-room.
8. An athletic field and playground.
9. More sympathy and support on the part of the townspeople.
10. A greater appreciation on the part of the pupils for their present advantages.
11. Grammar school clubs.
12. A better example than that found on some of our street-corners.
13. A more practical course in manual training.
14. Better manual training quarters and tools.
15. School spirit.

HAROLD W. QUIMBY, '14



Alumni Notes

MAX Eaton, '07, returned on May 15, on the "Lusitania" from a three months' trip in Europe in the interests of the "Boot and Shoe Recorder," a well-known trade journal. Mr. Eaton visited many shoe centers in England and Germany and did some business in Paris. Under-graduates now in High School might ask Mr. Eaton if it isn't a good idea to get one's lessons in French and German as well as possible. One may have unexpected use for a knowledge of foreign tongues.

Miss Lee Morrill, '10, is teaching a fifth-grade school in Hopkinton, Mass.

Miss Ruth Hickey, '10, having had nearly two years' experience in schools in Rhode Island, has received her election in Wakefield and is teaching in the Woodville school.

The marriage of Laura Webber, '06, and J. Fred Remmel occurred on Saturday, April 18. Mr. and Mrs. Remmel have made their home in Waltham.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Grae (née Blanche Van Nostrand) on May 11, a son.

Mrs. L. Wallace Sweetser and Mrs. Emily Freeman Howes, 1900, are the Wakefield members of the Committee appointed to raise funds for the new Wellesley buildings.

The class of '16 at Wellesley, of which Miss Katherine Whitten, W. H. S. '12, is a member, raised \$5,000 for the Wellesley fund.

Mrs. C. E. Montague (Edith Marshall) has entered upon her second year as President of the Kosmos Club.

The class of '99 has met with a great loss in the death last February of Mrs. Blanche Tompson Watkins.

Miss Isabel Flint spent the winter and early spring in Nebraska and California.

G. Arthur Packard, '86, and Mrs. Packard are in Wakefield again after a three years' residence in Montana.

Samuel Abbott is now the literary editor of the Boston Post and has a most interesting page of book reviews in the Saturday edition.

High School students should be interested in the Paul Revere bell, now hanging in the High School belfrey, and in its proper preservation.

To Mr. Harold Collins, '07, and Mrs. Collins, in February, a daughter, Eleanor Frances, their second child.



In a sophomore examination the question was asked why the following lines were especially effective—

"I heard the lance's shivering crash,
And shriek, and shout, and battle cry."

The answer: "The lines are effective because they show illiteracy."

LITTLE JOURNEYS

A Trip to a Lighthouse

WHEN I was visiting in Canada last summer, I had an invitation one evening to visit one of the lighthouses on the shore of the Richelieu River. The lighthouse keeper and I set out in his launch from the toll bridge, which connects Noyan and Lacolle. The water was very smooth and men were fishing in boats among the rushes, in the light of the setting sun. The whole scene would have made an interesting study for a painter.

In the distance could be seen the clear outline of the lighthouse, and a tall slender ladder, tapering at the top, which serves the purpose of stairs and leads up to the door. It seemed but a short time before we arrived at the lighthouse. From the outside one gets the impression of a medium sized, pyramid shaped house, with a large window on each side. Inside are three large lamps with reflectors that throw the light on the river so that captains of the steamers may know how near the rocks they are. At one side is a very rickety chair, or better, a part of one, which looks as if it might have been used by the British troops. The windows and the floor, such as it is, are always kept clean. After the lamps were lighted, we returned to our launch and went on up the river in the cool of the summer evening.

Pearle Rogers, '16.



A Day's Work in Nova Scotia

IN the fall of 1904, my mother and I boarded the steamer bound for Nova Scotia. We arrived at Yarmouth Monday morning about seven o'clock. The place in which I was to reside was called Quinan. It was a country place, and at first I thought I should dislike it exceedingly, but after a few months, I found it to be a most interesting little town.

The boys and girls spoke French and such a jabbering as there was whenever they met. One day I was invited to the home of a girl acquaintance. It happened that on that particular day they were having a carding circle; by this I mean they were all busy at spinning, and this particular thing interested me more than anything else I saw in Nova Scotia. First I saw the men shear the sheep with large scissors. After this was done, the wool was taken and carded into rolls. The method of carding is very rapid, a new contrivance having made the work easier than the old way.

You would perhaps like to know something about the cards. They are made of white wood, and are almost flat. On the top of the cards are wires; one of the cards has its points going up, while the other has its points going down. In this way, the wool, when laid in the cards is pulled together until it is ready to be made into rolls. When the roll is made, the cards are inverted and rolled close to each other with the yarn in between them. After the rolls are ready, the wool is carded and then it is ready to be spun into yarn.

Now comes the spinning wheel. How often I have sat and watched the women spin; you hear the drowsy murmur of the wheel, as it buzzes round and round. The top of the wheel is attached to a sort of spool which holds the yarn. As the woman turns the wheel, she takes the rolls between her fingers and walks backward a little and then the yarn winds up on the spool.

When she is through spinning, she places the wool on the "distaff". Then the knitting begins, stockings, mittens, are quickly knitted for winter. How comfortable it feels to have a warm pair of mittens to wear! I think it so, don't you?

Lena Muse, '17



The Little Brown House

IT was an old, old house, dark and small. Some people said it was haunted and it was not hard to make oneself believe it. From the front it looked square, but an addition of one small room in the back formed an ell. The door opened, in the centre of the house, off the ground by one step, into a room which served in its day, as a dining-room and living room.

The outside of the house was dark and gloomy, the window panes broken, and blinds torn. There was not much left of what was once a chimney. The low roof coming down almost to the windows, gave the appearance of a small dirty boy hiding under a cap much too large for him.

That was what one saw when looking at the house. But that was not all. One could not look at the house without delighting in the garden in which this little old brown house was so peacefully settled. And such a garden! Roses and phlox, sweet William and hollyhocks, marigold, fox glove, lady's slippers, and everlastings, all growing in profusion.

The climbing roses had made their way to the roof and were growing along the edge, entirely transforming the old, old, brown house.

Ida Walsh

Fort Independence

SIITUATED on Castle Island in Boston Harbor is an old fort known as Fort Independence. It is a massive structure built of heavy blocks of stone piled high with earth. At a distance it resembles a huge bank of earth, but as one goes nearer, it appears more like the ruins of an old castle.

In the thick walls are rows of narrow windows, a few of which are covered by a heavy screen. All of the windows have one very noticeable characteristic: the stone frame in which they are set, slants obliquely into the fort, making the window appear wider inside than outside.

In front of the building are a number of heavy canon, which face the entrance to the harbor; some of them weigh as much as nine thousand pounds. In case of need, these would soon prove to a foreign intruder, that the old structure is neither earth pile nor castle, but in very truth a fort.

Edith Whittle



The Haverhill High School

THE new high school in Haverhill is situated in Summer street, on the corner of Main street near the center of the city. Main street rises gradually and the building is plainly seen as one comes up the hill. In the front of it, near the main entrance, is a bronze statue of "The Thinker", by Rodin, that was presented to the high school. The building is very large, having three stories and a basement. It is constructed of a dull yellow rough brick, and is trimmed with a rough white brick. The grounds about it are not very large, but it is not necessary because the building has a number of rooms especially reserved for the use of the pupils at recess and after school.

There is a large hall at the top of the building where the pupils assemble each morning for the opening exercises. This hall is also used for the graduation exercises.

In the basement is a large, well-equipped gymnasium. The floor is of hard wood, and is well polished so that the pupils may hold dancing parties, and may dance in the noon-hour. In another part of the basement is the lunch room. This has a long counter at one end where the food is given out. All around the room are small tables where the pupils may eat lunches. Besides the pupils lunch-room, there is a restaurant run by the high school, where dinners are served to outsiders.

As we wandered through this beautiful building, so complete in every respect, we could not help wondering how long it would be before Wakefield would decide upon the location of her much needed new high school building.

RUTH E. HILLSGROVE, II ENGLISH C

OUR EASTER OFFERING

We give this money with hearts full of love,
To our dear, loving Saviour who came from above.

He came to earth from Heaven so bright,
To teach one and all to live and do right.

He was perfect and holy, as we ought to be,
He died on the cross to save you and me—

And now he has risen this beautiful day,
And rolled the stone from the grave away.

We pray this happy Easter-tide
That Christ will help us and be at our side.

And trust that this gift of love that we bring,
Will make glad hearts and help others to sing.

SUSIE M. KIMBALL, '17.



THE ARTIST

An artist sat in an attic room
His money and food were gone,
For no one would buy his picture,
And his heart was sad and forlorn.

At last, when cold and silent,
In the damp earth he was laid,
A rich man saw his picture,
And a million he quickly paid.

And now in a big museum
The artist's picture is found:
But how will the poor fellow know it,
When he's six feet deep in the ground?

FRANK GLYNN, '17.



FAREWELL

Goodbye, goodbye,
Dear Wakefield High,
It's time for me to go;
I have delayed,
Four years I've stayed,
Enough for you, I know.

You don't believe
It's hard to leave?
You must be joking, though,
It's hard, don't fear,
To leave you here,
But really, I must go!

I'm glad I came,
May come again,
I'll miss you, don't you see?
But now, goodbye,
Dear Wakefield High,
You've done a lot for me.

MARGARET O'CONNOR, '14.

THE SPECTATOR

Advice to the Grammar School Pupil

YOU, the pupils of the eighth grade, who are about to enter High School, do not get the idea into your heads that it's going to be all fun, for it is not. Going into high school means that you will have to sacrifice much. You will have to put your studies first and sacrifice many an evening's pleasure in order to get your lessons done and done well.

On entering High School, you will be surprised for a while that the studies are so easy; but don't think they are always to be thus. You will find out that they gradually increase in difficulty until it takes about all your spare time to learn one lesson perfectly.

Because your lessons are easy at first, you will be tempted to spend a large part of your time in fooling. Do not do this. If you learn your lessons properly you will have no time to waste in this way.

If you do not learn your lessons from day to day, you will come to realize more and more as the year goes on what a fool you have been to allow your work to get behind. You will wish more than once, just as I have done, that you had gone ahead with your studies and kept after them. Then at the end of the year, instead of having to worry about getting your points, you will be rolling smoothly along the road which runs to the second year of High School.

Once started and started well you will enjoy High School. The sacrifices will seem small and you will be more and more thankful that you did not wait until the studies began to grow hard before beginning to work at them.

DAVID PERKINS, '17

* * *

To the Pupils in the Eighth Grade

BEFORE you enter High School, make up your mind that you are going to study and not to fool as a good many pupils do. Some pupils fool their first year and say to themselves "Oh! I will get by all right!" Don't you be one of these. When their senior year comes these pupils will have to worry and study very hard.

When you enter High School, bear in mind all through the year the thought "If I am going to graduate in four years, I must work."

Study all of your lessons, English in particular. In English you must read a number of books, not Wild West stories that boys are likely to read while in grammar school, but classical books.

Above all, keep still when a teacher is talking. If you don't you will see yourself marching to the office in pretty quick time.

Then when June comes, you will be glad that you

had taken the advice of a freshman who has studied. Don't take any notice of graduates, if they tell you how much fun they had while in High School. Just study and nothing else.

CHARLES F. BURKE, '17

* *

The Spectator Discusses Modern Dancing

ONE of the most discussed subjects of the present day is modern dancing. Not only is it discussed in the schools and churches, but also at home and abroad. Some one may ask, "Why do we dance?" We answer, "Because the world always has." Our forefathers danced, why should not we? Even Hercules would have been no match for the task of making the world stop dancing."

Very often we are wrongly criticised by persons who do not dance or do not care to. Is it not unjust to judge a dance by the way one's neighbor dances? What is more graceful and beautiful than the "Castle Walk" or the "One-step" when they are properly executed?

How many persons have really seen these dances done properly? Not many, I venture to say. Are we likely to see correct dancing in a cheap dance-hall? Do we learn from frequenters of such places the proper way to do these dances? Modern dances have unjustly received great * * * denunciation, yet I believe no more so than did the "Waltz" and the "Two-step" when they first appeared.

It is not a poor form of recreation! We love music. What was music composed for if it was not to accompany singing and dancing? Can we resist dancing when the strains of "Too Much Mustard" set the blood racing through our veins? Many say it is bad for the health. Is there any sport more inviting, more entertaining than dancing? Does it not limber up muscles; does it not give gayety to the spirit, oxygen to the blood, and last of all refreshment to the mind?

Criticism should not fall on the dance, be it the "Tango" or the "Turkey Trot", but on the manner of the dancer. Dancing depends largely on a person's frame of mind. Nine times out of ten one who is naturally inclined to harbor evil thoughts will show this in his dancing, whether it be modern or not, just as he displays it in his daily life.

Therefore we may readily compare dancing with styles. Would we be satisfied to use the same pattern for every gown? I think not. New dances are taken up just as new styles are; from a desire for change.

I believe, as a result of experience and of close observation that dancing, when properly indulged in, is a most desirable and invigorating past-time.

HAZEL BARSTOW, '15

The Reading Habit

IT has always seemed to me that to form the habit of reading good books at home is most important for young people. Therefore I hope the freshmen in our High School, and all those who hope to become freshmen next year, if perchance this paper should fall into their hands, will read this article carefully and seriously think it over.

If a boy or girl has once formed the home-reading habit, and then suddenly lets it drop, he experiences a strange feeling. This is because the force of habit has become strong. He really misses his reading, and feels as if he were leaving something undone, as if he were, somehow or other, failing in his duty. Now, I realize that it is rather inconvenient sometimes to devote even fifteen minutes a day to this outside reading, and that it takes a great deal of perseverance to stick to your purpose, and yet the very irksomeness of the task can be made to aid us. Just work on industriously for the first month, determined to do that reading, and you will find that the second month will demand only half as much sacrifice, and the third month but a fourth as much. This is explained by the strength of daily habit, that all-powerful aid. If the freshman gets through his first year, faithfully studying the books recommended, one can safely say that he will continue his home-reading through his senior year, for the habit of reading will have become strong enough to help him overcome all obstacles.

But some boys and girls say, "Oh, well, what's the use of all this classical reading? I'm not going to college." That last sentence explains just why there is such need. If you do not learn to appreciate and enjoy sound, sensible books in the high school, the chances are you never will. Your English is most important to you, more important than Latin or French, indeed I think foreign languages should be studied with the idea of broadening and perfecting our English. A thorough knowledge of English words is absolutely necessary to every boy and girl, reading or speaking the English language.

To those boys and girls who are preparing for college, this home reading is necessary—a clear case of "must". This is an all-sufficient reason why such pupils should begin their additional reading at once: for you know the old proverb which says, "What you have done today you will not have to do tomorrow." Some great man, whose name I cannot now recollect, said that if a person devoted fifteen minutes a day to any subject for three years, at the end of that time he would be entirely master of it. Just think this over.

In conclusion, I earnestly advise boys and girls to go to work on their outside reading early, and also to read some during this coming vacation, for tasks multiply every succeeding year, and it is obvious that it is unwise to let all your work pile up for your

senior year.

I hope that I have given encouragement to a few, especially freshmen. Begin your home reading now. Ask for a list of the best books, go to the library and get one. Read it through carefully. Begin now to cultivate that steadfast friend, habit. It will help you in all your lessons. Take my word for it, you will never regret, in after years, the time spent in the high school, in becoming acquainted with the best writers.

ANNA BARNES, '14



The Spectator Discusses Preparation for College in the Wakefield High School

ONCE in a while some one gives out the startling information that our High School, on which the town is spending a large sum yearly, is incapable of fitting its pupils for college in the four years spent there. The Spectator has accordingly been looking around, just to see how the old school stands.

The Spectator has decided that these criticisms are of two kinds:—One is like the annual war scare which is thrown at Congress by the senators in the employment of the steel trust. The other is from the parent of some boy or girl who has failed to gain many extra points; but on the other hand has spent much time traveling to and from the office, and has had "an awfully good time." Does the parent of such a boy ever stop to think that there are boys in the High School who work and work hard; with the result that after graduation they enter Harvard or Technology—the bugbears of entering classes. When five boys can enter Technology from a single class, it certainly seems unreasonable to say that our High School cannot prepare its boys for college. Furthermore, the girls seem to have no great trouble in reaching higher institutions, Wellesley and Smith, for example. Pupils who work have no difficulty in attaining a sufficient rank to enter the numerous colleges which accept a certificate. It does not take a brilliant scholar or any too much work to attain the required rank. The cause of trouble in many cases is that the pupil has no plan in mind for higher education. Many have an idea that they are going somewhere; but have no definite idea where. If the parent would see the Principal by, at least, the end of the first year, and get an idea as to what studies his boy or girl is likely to need to enter a certain school, much trouble would be saved.

Even if it is impossible to make definite plans for the future, one need not be deterred from preparing himself for college; for a preparation for Harvard or Technology will ensure admittance to any college in the country. This is one of the essentials of a college preparation; having a plan in advance. The other essentials are a fair amount of intelligence, with plenty of energy and persistence.

Our High School building is a very old one. It is now crowded beyond its proper capacity, and necessarily many faulty conditions arise from this state of affairs. But matters are moving along toward the acquisition of a new building, and we must await its coming as patiently as possible. The poor ventilation and the large number of pupils in each room often make the air bad. This tends to destroy enthusiasm in recitations and is a great hindrance to the teachers. The building fails to offer many of the advantages required by modern ideas of education; but these do not exactly enter into college preparation and so have no place here. The greatest inconvenience is the keeping of the school until half past two. There is one thing, however, which these physical defects cannot overcome, that is the loyalty and ability of the teachers in our old wreck of a building. The heart of the school is intact and beats strongly. Lessons are learned and recited as well as ever, even in crowded classes and school rooms. Our place in the rank of fitting schools stands higher than ever, for a school is made up of pupils and teachers—not buildings.

Perhaps the best proof of this is the success of our High School pupils in college, where they rely upon their early training as a foundation for their daily work. The Spectator wishes to present some records to his readers. During the last eight years one hundred and eight pupils have graduated from this High School to enter higher institutions of learning. It is customary in all colleges to lay a failure during the first six months of college work to the school in which the pupil prepared. During these years six from this school have failed to meet the requirements. All who have been in any way doubtful are included in these. The remainder have been found sufficiently instructed.

This is not all that may be said. The Spectator might point out many cases in which graduates of this High School have held high places in their classes during these months of testing. Several cases have come to the notice of the Spectator in which a pupil failed to obtain the approval of the teachers in the High School and yet was so well instructed that he did creditable work in college.

These facts all point to the standard kept up in our high school. A high grade of work is required and any pupil who gets a certificate from the Wakefield High School may feel sure of holding his own in college; for, in the words of a professor at a near-by college, "Any boy with a good head who really works in his High School will have no great trouble in college." That is because he has learned to work while in the High School.

Don't run down the High School! Find out what its graduates are doing in college. Then you will not need to run it down.

MANSON DILLAWAY, '14

Attention!

Following an article on college preparation we are printing a list of the graduates from the Wakefield High School in the last four years, who have gone to other schools. They have continued their education as follows:—

CLASS OF 1910

Marjorie T. Bunker, Boston University.
Raymond Doane, Mass. Inst. of Technology.
Marjorie G. Smith, Simmons College.
Ruth E. Hickey, Salem Normal (teacher in W'dville).
Walter C. Hickey, Boston College & Harvard College.
Frances L. Holmes, Radcliffe College.
Lillian M. Lawrence, Simmons College.
Winifred B. Watkins, Salem Normal.
Donald White, Harvard College.
Benjamin B. Anthony, Univ. of Maine and Univ. of Michigan.
Paul H. Taylor, Mass. Inst. of Technology.
Alice Lee Morrill, Bradford Academy.
Elden I. Staples, Mass. Inst. of Technology.
Gertrude Tingley, Lasell Seminary.
Roland A. Payne, Mass. Agricultural College.
Hugh M. Kelso, Mass. Inst. of Technology.
Wm. W. Grace, Univ. of Maine.

CLASS OF 1911

Ralph W. Christie, U. S. Naval Academy.
Ethel G. Crandall, Smith College.
Mildred Hutchinson, Smith College.
Daniel O. Ferris, Wesleyan Univ.
Frances E. Jackson, Mt. Holyoke College.
Helen A. Johnson, Boston Univ.
Olive D. Waterhouse, Salem Normal.
Arthur R. Cade, Worcester Polytechnic Institute.
Bernard Cohen, Tufts Dental School.
Paul B. Eaton, Mass. Agricultural College.
Alfred E. Wilkins, Mass. Agricultural College.
Allen R. Greenleaf, Mass. Inst. of Technology.
Ralph R. Pitman, Brewster Academy and N. H. State College.

CLASS OF 1912

Everett A. Carleton, Rhode Island State College.
Marjorie Cartwright, Art School of the Museum of Fine Arts.
Paul Cartwright, Huntington School and Brown Univ.
Alma Eaton, Mt. Holyoke College.
Adeline F. Hall, Salem Normal.
Lawrence Harris, Phillips Academy, Exeter; Lowell Textile School.
Esther E. Nelson, Salem Normal.
Francis D. O'Connell, Boston Univ. & Boston College.
Elizabeth P. Payne, Salem Normal.

Katherine N. Whitten, Wellesley College.
 George H. Abercrombie, Worcester Polytechnic Inst.
 Mary Bridge, Salem Normal.
 Raymond G. Brown, Mass. Inst. of Technology.
 Theodore F. Cram, N. H. State College.
 Edward S. Duffill, Mass. Agricultural College.
 C. Wesson Hawes, Mass. Inst. of Technology.
 Carl H. Holmberg, Mass. Inst. of Technology.
 Philip W. Morrison, Jr., R. I. State College.
 Lillian M. Oram, Salem Normal.
 Jessie L. Pease, Waltham Training School for Nurses.
 Russell B. Perkins, Dartmouth College.
 Helen Randall, Simmons College.
 Walter J. Wolfe, Mass. Inst. of Technology.

CLASS OF 1913

Alfred E. Collinson, Philips Academy, Exeter.
 Nathalie Cox, Simmons College.
 Elsie L. Doleman, Lasell Seminary.
 Florence Emerson, Wellesley College.
 Constantine Soteriades, Clark College.
 Daniel J. MacLeod, Mass. Agricultural College.
 Ethel M. Hickey, Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Hooksett.
 Lillian E. Moses, Wellesley College.
 Alice M. Pike, Mt. Holyoke College.
 Emily H. Preston, Mt. Holyoke College.
 George W. Killorin, Jr., Holy Cross College.
 Edward Hazen Walton, Norwich University.
 Raymond S. Wilder, Wentworth Inst., Boston.
 Ruth Willey, Salem Normal.
 Grace V. Young, Waltham Training School for Nurses.



RAISING BUTTERFLIES

Some people have a hobby of saving the arrow-head,
 While others, with less labor, the postage stamp, instead.
 At some purrsuit original I thought my hand to try,
 So began, with large ideas, to raise the butterfly.

The cage was made of wire and 'twas partly filled with loam,
 For some worms form the chrysalis, others the cocoon.
 The twenty kinds of leaves kept newly fresh from day to day,
 Were food for twenty kinds of worms from sky-blue pink to
 gray.

The milk-weed one with wicked horn and stripes of green and
 black,
 The species with the bright red head and eye upon the back,
 The ones which turned from green to blue and hissed when they
 were teased,
 All made a handsome fam'ly with which I was much pleased.

I fed them all the summer through, until bright autumn came,
 Six butterflies rewarded me but I'll conceal each name.
 The rest they disappeared from view, for toward the soil they
 steered.
 Alas, alack, when spring next came, not one of them appeared.

MILDRED MELLER, '14.

THE DEACON'S REVENGE

The boys had made a raid again,
 They'd robbed him of his pears,
 The Deacon had not said a word—
 The Deacon never swears.

But just the same he made a vow,
 He vowed he'd catch those boys,
 And teach them not to steal his pears
 Which were his only joys.

That night he took a mammoth club
 And climbed up in the tree.
 The night was dark, the clouds were thick,
 And he could hardly see.

He waited there quite patiently
 For half an hour or more,
 Till sleep completely conquered him,
 And he began to snore.

And then dark forms crept softly up
 Toward the guarded fruit;
 They heard the Deacon's awful snore
 And saw his hanging boot.

Now after they had got some pears,
 They thought they'd play a prank,
 And so they seized the Deacon's boot
 And gave it quite a yank.

The Deacon awoke up with a yell
 And tumbled from his perch,
 The boys then quickly disappeared
 Beyond a near-by church.

The Deacon's yell had roused his dog,
 And now, with anger deep,
 He rushed into the yard and seized
 The breaker of his sleep.

The Deacon tried to calm the dog,
 But this could not be done;
 So then he tried to choke the brute,
 And this increased the fun.

They pulled and hanled and choked and bit,
 The hair and clothing flew,
 The Deacon prayed and yelled and prayed,
 But nothing seemed to do.

At last the Deacon broke away
 And rushed into his house,
 The clothing left upon his back
 Would scarcely clothe a mouse.

And this is how the Deacon got
 Revenge for all his wrongs,
 And now the boys all smile and wink
 And mock him in their songs.

EARLE STEWART, '14.

THE WAY

Through the crowded streets of the city
On past the haunts of busy men,
Where unceasing toil knows no pity,
For hearts it must crush in the end.

Out into the vast silent places,
Where sorrow walks with veiled eye,
And calling shapes and sweet memories
Stir hearts that may utter no cry

Then onward to meet new endeavor,
To fight, perchance fall, and then rise
With unfailing courage, that ever
Hath beckoned man on to the skies,

ELIZABETH FRANCES INGGAM.



THE SPRING-TIME CALL

Polly, woman, are you thinkin'
As the breeze drifts in this way,
With its breath of early springtime,
An' its prophecies of May,—
Are you thinkin' of the springtime
In the days of long ago,
When the breeze would call us, call us,
Out to watch the young things grow?

Do you mind the day you met me
Down beside the pasture bars?
How we found the first white violet
An' the tiny Beth'le'm stars?
How we wondered at their courage
Just to push up through the sod!
Seems as though they feared for nothin'
When they felt the call of God!

Are you thinkin', Polly darlin',
Of the little brook that flowed,
Bubblin' and just boolin' over,
Down beneath the old toll road?
We fair couldn't keep from joinin'
In its merry, gurglin' glee;
Seemed as though 'twas human, Polly,
In its joy at bein' free,

Are you thinkin', Polly, sweetheart,
Of the cherry-blossom spray
Growin' wild, out in the wood-lot,—
How we found it there one day
Long 'fore orchard branches blossomed—
How we stole one cluster there,
And you shyly let me place it
In your tumbled, wind-blown hair?

Polly, lass, 'tis long, I'm thinkin',
Since we watched the sunset fade
Out beyond the hills to west'ard,
While our partin' we delayed;
But the first warm breath of springtime
Always makes me long to go
Where the breeze would call us, call us,
Out to watch the young things grow.

ETHEL REED.

Lenoir

ONE day years ago two men went into the north country from Fort Garry (Winnipeg) in search of the lost mine. One man was an American named Grant; the other a Frenchman named Lenoir, because of his black hair.

For years they prospected fruitlessly. The season was short and only three months could they hunt for the mine. In August of the sixth year, they camped on the Tete Jouné river, at the base of the "Mountain of the Winds".

One morning they started a moose. They both fired, but the moose kept on at his swift lumbering gallop. The men followed the trail as it led away from the river. For seven miles they tracked the moose, till the trees ended and they stood on the edge of a bluff. Forty feet below lay the body of the moose.

The strip of beach was not more than thirty feet wide, and it ran past a roaring stream. On the other side rose another bluff.

The next day they came back and Lenoir lowered Grant down to the beach. He cut the moose up and went to explore the cliff. He found a cave and went in. Soon he came out and by his actions Lenoir thought he had gone mad. He danced, waved his arms and shouted. Lenoir slid down the rope to the beach.

Grant had found the mine; at the end of a month they had all the gold they could carry. Two hundred pounds had been packed in the canoe. There remained but fifty pounds on the beach and that was in two moose sacks. Lenoir was down below and had tied both sacks to the rope. Grant pulled them up and Lenoir waited for the rope to come down. It did not come. He shouted and cursed Grant for the delay. After a half hour of watching the top of the bluff, Lenoir realized the truth. Grant had either been taken by the Indians or run away with the gold. He went over the cliff but could not find any way of getting up. Later he found a path in the right end of the cliff and got to the top. He went to the place where he had seen Grant last and found sure signs of a fight. Grant had been taken by the Indians. He followed the trail till night and then started early in the morning. He over-took the Indians just at dusk. That night he stole into the camp and cut Grant's bonds and then they got their canoe and paddled all night not daring to stop. By forced marches they got to the camp before the Indians did. They sold their gold for a large fortune and spent the rest of their days keeping a hotel at Winnipeg.

CUNNINGHAM, '17



CURLEY in II History, naming four historians of the Augustan age, "Livy, Tacitus, Caesar and Saleratus (Sallust)".

DEBATER STAFF

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Editorials

SOMETHING the Spectator failed to see was a record of tardiness and absence kept by Mr. Howe. All good things usually come out however. It must be a fine thing to look back on a record of perfect attendance, or a perfect record for punctuality. Several remarkable stories are contained in the plain figures following. Think it over.

Leon R. Horne—Not absent, tardy or dismissed in High School. Not absent since 5th grade, tardy once in 1st year.

Ruth Boardman—Not absent, tardy or dismissed in High School. Not absent since 5th grade, tardy once in 1st year.

Estelle Horton—Not absent, tardy or dismissed in High School. Not absent since 4th grade. *Never* tardy, *never* dismissed.

Bertha MacIntosh—Not absent, tardy or dismissed in High School. Not absent since 4th grade, not tardy since 3d grade, not dismissed since 3d grade.

It is not always you meet someone who works and says nothing. How many fellows remember when a foot or more of snow was shoveled from the hockey rink? One of the faculty went down and pushed and hauled, with soaking wet feet, until after six p. m., and hardly spoke at all. Boys, don't forget people who do not tell you what they've done. Thanks, Mr. Preble.

THE following statistics regarding the membership of the class of 1914 may be of interest to our readers, especially in view of the fact so widely stated that not 7% of the children entering school finish High School: Four years ago 123 pupils entered. This June 70 are being graduated, or 56.9%. This is an unusually high percentage for the Wakefield High School and is far above the number graduating from city school systems.

New High School Like Haverhill

AN article in this DEBATER, describing the Haverhill High School, gives a charming picture of what we should have in Wakefield. No doubt our pupils could study to better advantage in a beautiful building fitted with every convenience.

Strike

THE strike in Wakefield brings the great question of Capital vs. Labor right into our midst. It is a deep question, taken either morally or financially. The claims of each side seem to be reduced to the following: Should not laborers have the right to band together to better their interests? If so, how far should they be allowed to control matters? On the other hand, what rights has the investor? A man in a small business seems to have the right of discharging an employee for any reason or no reason; anger is sometimes sufficient ground. Should a large business interest destroy this right?

Honesty the Best Policy

DON'T smile! You may have come to regard this as a joke, but evidence shows that it still rings true. A member of the Senior Class was talking with a representative of Whitman's studio, Malden. He urged her to interview the picture committee and make a bid for the class contract. This was the only large concern which offered no favor to the committee. Above all matters of price and pictures, stood that policy; and when the class voted for its photographer, Whitman's studio had all but one vote. As for satisfaction over pictures! Even the Spectator cannot find a dissatisfied look among the Seniors. The secret of this is found in the evident aim of Whitman's studio to please all comers in every way.

THE cover design was made by William Doneet of the Senior Class. There were several very creditable designs submitted for this issue, those of Dean Waldron and Roy Friberg deserving special commendation. When we look at the finished cover, that is, those who have

never tried to make one, we little realize the hours of patient labor for which it stands. Therefore, it seems to me that we should not only consider the neatness and originality of the design but also the sticktoitiveness of the designer which made the finished product possible.

Grimm's Fairy Tales

At the English conference held lately in Wakefield, Professor William A. Neilson made a statement which has caused much comment all over the country. The statement is as follows:

"The stories by the brothers Grimm, were written many years ago, and perhaps the most charitable way of dismissing them would be to say that for their time they were all right. The fact remains, however, that they are standard and classic, and that there is still a profitable business in publishing them. Sooner or later they fall into the hands of our little folk. I believe that these stories should be discarded because their suggestion to the childish mind is that every wrong was avenged. Revenge is a bad enough vice to exist in any of us, without being suggested and inlaid in the childish mind by a fairy tale."

"The Dial" criticises this statement for several reasons. First, because such precautions against teaching revenge are unnecessary with the world in its present condition. Second, the ordinary child does not take Grimm's tales literally. And, again, the impression of pleasure at the justice shown supercedes any thought as to incentive.

Rather than state our opinion upon this matter we will point out what another great educator thought on the question of harmful books. Ruskin evidently did not fear any bad influence from books, and trusted to the child's innocence to spurn any harmful suggestions. In "Lilies" he says of the girl: "Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you, and the good ones, too; and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought would have been so." It seems, upon such authority, as if we might risk any chance of harm from the thought of revenge contained in Grimm's tales.

The Labor Question

It occurs to some people that there are other questions involved in a labor disturbance besides the question of labor against capital. How about the community in which the fight is going on? What right have any persons to instigate scenes of violence in a community?

Every means should be used to discourage all attempts toward a settlement of difficulties through mob violence. Such a proceeding shows a revertance to the methods of five or six centuries ago, when law and order were little

respected. The hurling of missiles and threatening personal violence take us back to the reign of terror in Paris. The means employed by the I. W. W. in Lawrence have checked our progress toward a peaceful settlement of labor difficulties. They planted the germs of mob violence in many an uncultivated European head, which need only the nursing of skillful labor leaders to develop into anarchy.

Another question to be considered in connection with the use of violence is that of the cost. Who pays for it? The town! Consider the big city of Lawrence. It was overwhelmed with debt through the expenses imposed by its recent strike. It was obliged to protect its citizens from the violence of the strikers and did so at a tremendous cost. Who pays for the extra police protection in Wakefield? The town! In other words, the people of Wakefield, whether interested in the labor question or not, must pay the price.

For this reason, if for no other, violence during labor troubles should not be countenanced. Violent methods are unfair to the citizens of a community, and they must give way to peaceful ones. Without doubt in the end a cure will be found in the ballot: in the establishment of courts of arbitration to which all questions will be submitted. Then we shall have peace, but not until then.

ALL interested in the welfare of the DEBATER wish to thank their friends who make possible, financially, the publication of the paper. The last number was so great a financial success that the business managers were obliged to solicit only a few advertisements for this number. We wish to burden the business men as little as possible. Every bit received is put into the paper; there is no surplus left over as profit. Again, we wish to thank our patrons.

SOME of our pupils are gaining a name for themselves. When a man gets famous you begin to see his name in the newspapers. A freshman reports having seen an article in the "Mail" concerning a Mr. C. Garett Feend, said to be of the Wakefield High School. The article in fitting terms described the settling of a warm dispute between the Senior and Junior boys, said C. Garett Feend being the central figure. It seems that this Feend carried about with him a queer looking thing which the Seniors claimed was a down, while the Juniors declared it was a moustache. The argument became strenuous and war was imminent. But at last a method of settlement was found. The down or moustache, so-called, was divided. The Seniors took half of it, which they called down; and the Juniors took the other half, which was called moustache. However, the Seniors lost their half in the grass on the common and could not find it again, while the aforesaid C. Garett Feend went off with the other half, the moustache, so-called. Now they are questioning who won the argument.

We believe the whole story is false, anyway.



MISS ETHEL MACMASTER
Salutatory



MISS HILDUR CARLSON
Valedictory



HENRY RICHARDS
Honor Part

THE HONOR PARTS

THE DEBATER wishes to congratulate the three Seniors who have this year earned the Honors. It takes four long years of hard, persevering work to earn this distinction. Only those who come prepared every day in every lesson during the whole four years may compete for such a prize. Those who are acquainted with the honor winners know that quiet perseverance is characteristic of each.

The Valedictorian is Miss Hildur Carlson. Miss Carlson obtained 7206 units, as they are called. The Salutatory was awarded Miss Ethel MaeMaster, who obtained 7156 units. The Honor part was won by Henry Richards with 7051 units. The reason for giving these figures is to show the closeness of the race for Honors this year. What praise might be given one must be given all.

In order to realize the small difference between these figures one should know the official rules governing the choice of the Honors. They may also be of interest to lower class pupils who desire an Honor in their last year.

Following is the method of determining the parts at graduation, as adopted by the School Committee:

1. Find the average mark in each subject by dividing the sum of the marks received in the subject during the year by the number of times marks are received.

2. Multiply the quotients ascertained above by the number of points at which the subject is rated.

3. Add these products.

4. The Valedictorian shall be assigned to the pupil having the largest total, the Salutatory to the one having the next largest, and the Honor part to that one having the third largest total.

It will be observed that the *quantity* of work done is taken into consideration as well as the *quality*. It is probable that under these rules no one doing the minimum amount of work only, viz. 64 points, would receive an honor.

The Senior class will, no doubt, watch with interest the progress of its Honor members. With their fine start they have much to hope for in college or elsewhere. We wish them every success in the future and congratulate them anew upon the honors obtained already in their High School career.

The Event of a Night

THE large, old fashioned house in which I was living, flanked, almost too closely, on one side by a similar residence and on the front and other side by a wide expanse of lawn and shrubberies, presented an unusually beautiful appearance that winter's afternoon, for the ground was white with the snow which had been falling during the night and most of the morning. It had been a dull and uneventful day, and when night came, I went to bed with the added sense of security usually felt by one well sheltered from the elements.

I seemed to have been asleep only a few moments when I was aroused by a sound of shouting and by a bright, red light, which shone persistently in my eyes. Dressing hastily I hurried out of doors. The next house was on fire and the yard was filled with fire apparatus, firemen, and a crowd of interested lookers on. The wind was blowing a gale and although the firemen did their best, the sparks were blown directly in our direction and soon the old farm house also was one mass of flames.

On seeing our roof begin to burn, I went back into the house, got as many of my possessions as I could carry, and hurried out again. I wandered aimlessly about, dimly realizing the scene of destruction I was witnessing. At last, wearied by the excitement, I sat down on a pile of hose in front of the burning house.

Suddenly I heard confused shouts and cries as from a great distance and looked up, to see a great blazing mass, tottering perilously above my head. I gazed up at it too dazed to move or speak. Flames were darting from every window and it was evident that the wall would soon fall. My fascinated eyes watched it bend farther and farther at each blast of wind. Bits of burning wood fell in a shower all around me. The flames mounted higher and higher and it became almost unbearably hot. Now the upper part of the wall was crumbling, bending, falling, and I found myself drawn back just in time to escape the great, fiery mass which came crashing down, barely missing some firemen who were standing near.

After that the fire began gradually to die out, and at daybreak all that remained was a charred ruin like a great black smudge on the white surface of the surrounding country.

RUTH EATON, '16



MISS CLEMENT "Let us see, who is absent?"

Class "Dillaway."

Miss Clement "Anyone else?"

Class "Miss O'Connor."

Miss Clement "Well, I wonder if that is co-incidental."

Miss Gilmore to pupil "Was sehest Herr O——?"

Pupil, somewhat confused "Ich—ich—dimma ken."

The Light that Failed

ON the darkened stage all was noise and confusion. The subdued hammering of the stage hands mingled with the unseemly mirth of minor members of the cast, who, having few worries of their own, were prone to make merry at those of others. In front, the orchestra was beginning the overture for the third time, and from the audience came soft murmurs and rustles of anticipation. At eight o'clock the much talked of Senior Play was to begin, and it lacked only three minutes of the time.

Just before the curtain rose, the distracted chairman of the committee burst into the "green room".

"Anybody here seen Kitty?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Yes," volunteered the fiercely moustached villain, "she was here a minute ago, but forgot her light and had to go back after it. Said to tell you not to worry, she'd be here for the great act."

"Well, here's hoping," said the chairman, hopelessly. Having roomed with Kitty for a year she knew her well, and was beginning to rue the rash impulse that had made her entrust such an important part to that young lady. For Kitty's part, although her name did not appear on the program, was important. The pivot upon which the whole play turned was the flashing of a light, at the end of the second act, giving to the much persecuted hero and heroine the signal for escape. Kitty, as she herself, with reckless disregard for grammar and logic, expressed it, was the light. That is to say, she sat behind the scenes and at the critical moment flashed a large electric search-light, belonging to her room-mate, upon the field of action.

It was perilously near the end of the second act, when a breathless girl, tightly clutching a black, cylindrical object, brushed by such members of the cast as were waiting in the wings, and cautiously ensconced herself in the narrow space between the painted wall of the scenery and the actual one of the house. There she crouched, hardly daring to move, and directing her bidden towards the darkened stage, awaited her cue.

The hero and heroine were discussing their chances of escape, and the former in a near-bass voice, was speaking words of encouragement to his sweetheart, telling her of the light which a friend of his was to flash into their prison when the guard had become so conveniently incapacitated by wine and wassail as to make a dash for liberty expedient.

"—Now, at the end of the next line—" Kitty slipped her finger over the smooth, hard surface of her light towards the button. There was no button there! Incredulously, with dawning terror, she felt again,—and again, with the same result.

Meanwhile, the two on the stage missing the expected signal, waited a moment, then began to improvise and after floundering hopelessly were finally put on the right track by the prompter, and fled by the light of an imaginary signal, happily leaving the audience unaware that anything was amiss.

Half an hour later, the members of the cast had appeared before the curtain for the last time, and were receiving the congratulations of intimate friends and of the committee, in the "green room."

In the midst of the hubbub, a small, dusty figure emerged from behind a painted wall, and keeping a cautious eye on the chairman, waved aloft a long, black cylinder.

"I was there," Kitty announced defensively, "but this thing simply would not work!"

Her room mate pounced on her, revenge and dawning enlightenment in her eye.

"Where did you get that?" she demanded.

"On your dresser, of course. You said—"

The chairman promptly collapsed on the manly shoulder of the hero.

"The case to my thermos bottle," she murmured faintly. "Oh, Kitty, the next time, borrow Martha's spectacles!"

"There will not," said Kitty with dignity, "be a next time."



Social Conditions in the Eighteenth Century

IF anyone doubts that the world has progressed in the last two centuries, he has but to take a backward look to the social conditions that existed in London in the time of good Queen Anne to be convinced of his mistake.

The London of the eighteenth century was a small city: Covent Garden, Soho and Leicester Squares being the centers of fashionable society. The streets were in a wretched condition, especially in the exchange district. The small-wares were displayed at the edge of the sidewalk, on unmoveable carts, each peasant shouting the merits of his goods to attract attention. Consequently, there was continual crushing and noise, caused by the pedlars, beggars and musicians who occupied every corner; the street icer, too, added his cries to the din. The roads were very rough, with gutters running through the center, and always there were quantities of dirt or mud. Another very disagreeable feature of the streets were the water spouts which in rainy weather cheerfully splashed their torrents from the roofs to the sidewalk, completely drenching those passing. No umbrellas were

carried as great sport was made of them at this time.

The shops were low, narrow and inconvenient, with the goods gaudily hung about, occupying every available space. However, the signs atoned for any deficiency in the shop: they were huge, elaborately carved and gilded, and usually stretched across the street.

The coaches, too, were an interesting feature of the streets. The fashionable time to drive was directly after dinner about three, and the fashionable coach was made of expensive wood and lining, drawn by not less than six horses. The hackney coaches and sedan chairs were heavily built to withstand jolting, but the riders found them to be mild forms of torture. The hackney coach had two horses and no glass windows: these were supplied by tin, with holes for ventilation. The sedan chairs, likewise, were most uncomfortable and dangerous because of the irregular trotting of the coolies. What little street lighting there was, was done by lanterns, but it was very dangerous to venture out after dark, as crime was rife.

The coffee houses were the great intellectual centers of the day. It was here that the great men collected to discuss the vital matters of the moment, and here a great part of their time was spent. Many of these houses have become famous because famous men, such as Addison, Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson frequented them.

The houses were of stone or brick, and usually of two stories, with stone steps, and small windows. The furniture was plain and stately: huge fireplaces were a feature of each room. The most elaborate and expensive piece of furniture was the bed, with heavy velvet or satin hangings, which were tightly drawn at night.

For food they used meat as we do today, and all other kinds of solid food: their favorite dish for dessert was pudding of any kind. Eating and drinking was carried to great excess, and intemperance was considered fashionable. A society man must, at least, be intoxicated once a day, to keep his fashionable position.

The great reason, perhaps, for this excess in all things, was the careless regard in which the home was held, and the laxity of the marriage vow. People married very young, and many divorcees were the consequence. Love and respect for the home were lacking, therefore there was a consequent lack of respect toward law and modesty.

For amusement there were always the many clubs, theatres and gardens. Very prominent among the latter were the famous Vauxhall Gardens, a very fashionable resort. They closely resembled our fairs of today, with their many booths and attractions.

The dress of both men and women, at this time, must have been very picturesque. We find it the custom for men to wear long, powdered wigs, curled and tied with ribbon. The men topped this with a velvet cocked hat, and the ladies with a high bonnet or cap. Man was surely as vain as woman in those days, for he carried his

little mirror and comb, and when in company, would comb and powder his wig—in fact, this was fashionable. He also wore coat, waistcoat, and knee breeches of very fine material, even though the color scheme was offensive to the eyes. The ladies wore very full skirts and tight bodices, with quantities of expensive laces. Fans and muff's were very fashionable, the latter being carried by both ladies and gentlemen.

The system of education was poorly developed, for public schools had not yet been introduced. If one was so fortunate as to be able to pay for his tutoring, his training was thorough, especially in the classics. However, men alone were deemed worthy of education; so if women were frivolous and trifling, can we blame them, when they lived in an environment which encouraged this? Naturally, it follows that women had very little influence, and, as a result we have seen into what vice and intemperance, society fell.

As in other matters, I fear religion was valued very little and its teachings loosely followed. Although the Episcopal church was the established church of England, many attended the Roman Catholic Church. The sermons were severely criticised, and as Johnson remarks, church was a place where people went to see what others wore. The corruption of the church at this time accounts for the little influence it exerted.

In summing up the customs and accomplishments of Queen Anne's day, we must not judge too harshly. Perhaps if we had lived at the same time, among the same conditions, our history would be the same.

When we feel discouraged and think the world is going all wrong, let us just look back to the time of Queen Anne, and feel thankful that we live in the twentieth century, when we know that "all's well in the world."

MARGARET O'CONNOR, '14



The Girls' Debating Society

THE Girls' Debating society has had a prosperous year. Eighteen new members have been added to the society, making the total number of thirty-eight members.

Since the last "Debater" came out seven regular meetings have been held, and in addition to these there have been two special debates in which members of our society have taken part. The debates have been as follows:—

Thursday, Dec. 19th. Resolved: That the Philippines should have their independence in five years.

Affirmative side—Geneva Daland and Olive Pearson.

Negative side—Mildred Mellet and Alice Brown.

The judges decided in favor of the affirmative side.

Monday, Jan. 12th. A joint debate between the Girls' and Boys' Debating societies on the subject previously mentioned.

Affirmative side—Marion Mansfield, Hildur Carlson, and Margaret O'Connor.

Negative side—Carroll Bonney, Raymond Griffin, and Earle Stewart.

The boys won by a very narrow margin.

Thursday, Jan. 15th. Resolved: That examinations in the high school should be abolished.

Affirmative side—Pauline Taft and Ruth Eaton.

Negative side—Ethel McMaster and Pearl Jackson.

The judges gave the debate to the negative side.

Thursday, Feb. 19th. Resolved: That the printing press has done more service to the world than any other invention.

Affirmative side—Hazel Barstow and Marion Kennedy.

Negative side—Ruth Boardman and Emma Crooker.

The judges were unable to come to a decision and the debate was left a tie.

Friday, Feb. 27th. A public debate in the town hall. Resolved: That the Wakefield lot is not a desirable location for the new high school. Our society was represented by Ethel McMaster and Mina Harrison.

Friday, Mar. 27th. Resolved: That life imprisonment should take the place of capital punishment.

Affirmative side—Cora Potter and Florence Kirk.

Negative side—Alice Morrison and Marjorie Preston. The judges gave their decision to the negative side.

Thursday, April 2nd. Resolved: That the President of the United States should be elected for a single term of six years.

Affirmative side—Thelma Bridge and Helen Horton.

Negative side—Margaret Clark and Marion Cardinal. The debate was very close, but the judges finally decided for the affirmative side.

Thursday, April 16th. Resolved: That immigration should be further restricted.

Affirmative side—Hildur Carlson and Doris Vint.

Negative side—Lucy Hanscom and Marjorie Sweetser. The judges gave their decision to the negative side.

Thursday, May 14th. Resolved: That the initiative and the referendum should be adopted in Massachusetts.

Affirmative side—Hazel Barstow and Olive Eager.

Negative side—Pauline Taft and Velma Eaton.

The judges decided in favor of the negative side.

Two enjoyable social evenings have been held, one at the home of Marion Mansfield, and the other at the High School as the guests of the Boys' Debating society.

The society has elected its officers for next year as follows:—Thelma Bridge, President; Margaret Clark, Vice President; Hazel Barstow, Secretary; and Marjorie Sweetser, Treasurer. It is the earnest wish of all interested in the welfare of the society, that it will be a success under its new leaders and will enjoy many more years of success in the future.

RUTH W. BOARDMAN, SECRETARY

Boys' Debating Society

THE past school year has seen the rise of an enthusiastic Debating society of over thirty members among the boys. The meetings have on the whole, been full of interest.

The debate in the town hall upon the question of the High School lot stands out in the Society's calendar as something of special interest. The question was; Resolved: that the present site is the best possible site for the erection of the proposed new High School building. The debaters were; affirmative, Miss MaeMaster and Mr. Richards, negative, Miss Harrison and Mr. Bonney from the high school; and from the alumni, affirmative, Mr. Theodore Eaton, negative, Mr. Butler. Much satisfaction was felt over the showing which the High School debaters made. The audience was attentive and enthusiastic and the debate was spirited. At the end, slips were passed around and the audience voted, the vote being in favor of the present site.

The meetings have been much enlivened by several methods of supplying impromptu debates. One was to supply a resolve and appoint four persons to argue upon it without preparation. The most successful and most interesting way, however, was to set a question before the society, those believing in the affirmative, going to one side of the room and those in the negative, to the other. Each member was then given a chance to express his opinions on the subject, the speakers being chosen alternately from one side and then the other. These discussions were extremely interesting and the questions were hotly argued.

The season of the society was fitly closed by a social evening at which the members of the Girls' society were the guests, although they generously supplied much of the evening's entertainment. Some clever recitations were given by the Misses Brown, Harrison, and Potter. The boys were represented by Mr. Quimby, who played several selections on the violin. He was accompanied by Miss Walton. Three of the boys, Messrs. Bonney, Dalzell, and Dillaway, gave a little play, "Love Under Difficulties", Mr. Bonney made a startling impression as a young lady. The boys and girls joined in a double quartet which sang several selections. The girls were the Misses O'Conor, Mansfield, Bridge, and Mellet; the boys were Messrs. Bonney, Griffin, Dillaway, and Quimby. The girls sang "splendidly" and the boys raised more or less of a racket. Refreshments were late but welcome and the evening was voted a success by all present.

We hope this year's success will be renewed in the years to come. The principal object of the society is to train its members to think upon their feet and to express their thoughts clearly. The society is a help to its members in many other ways and every high school boy should become a member.

MANSON DILLAWAY, SECRETARY

Exchanges!

AS THE DEBATER is published but twice each year, perhaps this may explain our apparent neglect in responding to our exchanges. We appreciate the papers of other schools, however, which have helped us to develop this column, and assure them we are very willing to exchange. We wish to acknowledge the following:

"The Eltrurian," Haverhill, Mass., "Omnibus," Franklin, Penn., "The Sanborn Echo," Kingston, N.H., "School Life," Melrose, Mass., "The Pioneer," Reading, Mass., "The Oracle," Malden, Mass., "The Authentic," Stoneham, Mass., "The Texas Tiger," Texarkana, Texas, "The Voice of the L. H. S.," Falmouth, Mass., "The Tripod," Thornton Academy, Saaco, Maine.

"The Oracle," Malden, Mass. A fine little monthly paper, with a very interesting exchange.

"The Eltrurian," Haverhill, Mass. Lots of life in your paper. We hope to continue to remain in your list of Exchanges..

"The Pioneer," Reading, Mass. Though small, it gives promise.

"The Voice of the L. H. S.," Falmouth, Mass. We are at a disadvantage. May we inquire the translation of L. H. S.? You are certainly conscientious about your advertisements.

"School Life," Melrose, Mass. In your weekly papers your chief accomplishment seems to be athletics.

"The Authentic," Stoneham, Mass. A fine little paper. Keep it up.

"The Sanborn Echo," Kingston, N.H. We like to read it. Don't athletics interest you?

"Omnibus," Franklin, Pa. We think a little more thought on your literary department would be worth while.



SOME SOPHOMORE DEFINITIONS

Cranberry: "Cranberry was named after the family of Crane, A berry which ripened when the Cranes were visiting in town."

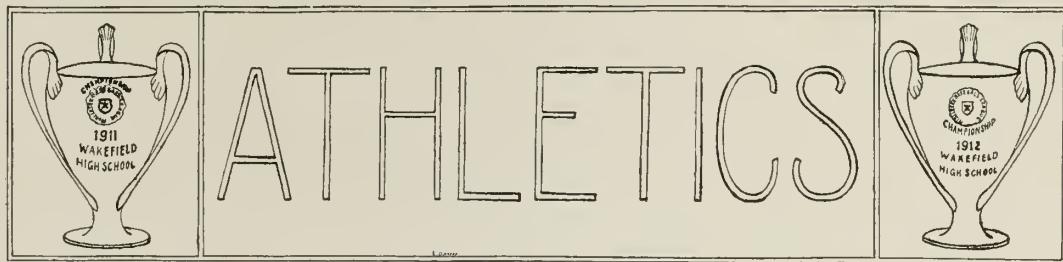
Lightning: "Something to make anything light. Used in cooking."

Symbols: "Blocks of wood or other things."

Stratagem: "An edifice," "A drama," "A kind of lava that comes from an earthquake."

Back: "The god of wine," "A village in Scotland," "Separated," "That part of the dictionary that has proper names."

Some bright crowd, hey!



W. H. S. BATTALION—Notes

On December 26, the Commissioned Officers held their Annual Dance in the Town hall. Music was furnished by the American Orchestra. After the grand march, the evening was spent in dancing. The dance was a financial and a social success. Officers were present from the Battalions of Medford, Lowell, M. I. T., Woburn, and Stoneham.

In April the M. I. T. squad represented the Battalion in the competitive drill at the Irvington Street Armory. The squad were in "good trim", but were unable to present ns with another shield.

On May 15, the High School Battalion united with the Battalions of Woburn and Stoneham in a Field Day. The parade started from Armory street at half past two. After parading the principal streets of the town, the regiment marched to the common and gave an evening parade. There were nine companies in the parade and the cadets from all three schools made a fine showing. Chapman's band of Reading and the Drum Corps of Woburn furnished the music. The order in line was; Wakefield High School Battalion in charge of Acting—Major, Captain George F. Gardner; Stoneham High School Battalion in charge of Major John Haley; Woburn High School Battalion in charge of Major John W. Matson. The regiment was in charge of Acting-Col., Major Raymond A. Griffin of the Wakefield Battalion.

The Annual Prize Drill took place in the Town hall, Thursday, May 28. The programme started with the Battalion Formation, followed by the Junior Competitive Drill, the Company Competition Drill, the Senior Competitive Drill, Evening Parade and awarding of medals by Principal Charles H. Howe.

Medals were awarded to the following :—

Junior Competitive Drill on Manual-of-arms, Private Belmore, 1st; Private White, 2nd; Private Sanford, 3rd. Senior Competitive Drill on Manual-of-arms, Sergeant Reid, 1st; Sergeant Zwicker, 2nd; Corporal Heywood, 3rd. The tri-color was won by Company A, Captain Gardner receiving Captain medal for winning Company. Lieutenant Lenners and Lieutenant Richards received bars. The Orderly medal for greatest improvement and good behavior during drill year was awarded to Private Belmore.

MAJOR RAYMOND A. GRIFFIN

TRACK NEWS

The prospects of a track team in the Wakefield High School are good, and if track athletics are followed and supported in the proper manner, it is more than likely that Captain Jack Gordon will be able to pick a fast squad. The candidates are faithfully training in the short sprints, the long runs, the high jump, and the pole vault, and are making a good showing.

Those already ont for the team are: Neal Johnson, Edward Sexton, Millard Thresher, Everett Winslow, Joseph Dugan, Elliot Zwicker, Capt. Jack Gordon, and Clarence Thompson. The team will compete in the Brown and Harvard interscholastic meets, and the Worcester High School meet, this season.



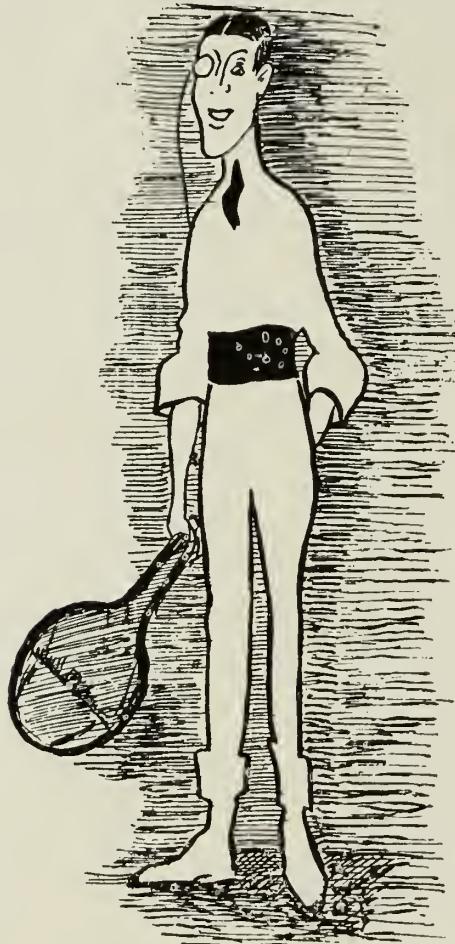
HOCKEY

Owing to the weather conditions last season, the W. H. S. Hockey team succeeded in playing only five out of fifteen scheduled games; but the fine showing, made in these games, left no doubt as to the winning abilities of the team. Capt. Leon Horne's men suffered only one defeat, and that was at the hands of the champion Melrose H. S. seven.

The first game was on the lake, with Stoneham, and Wakefield succeeded in winning, 3-1. Because of the lack of ice the team did not play again until Jan. 2nd, when they defeated Thornton Academy Alumni, 2-1, in one of the fastest and cleanest games ever played on the lake. The third game was with The Huntington School of Boston, and was also a victory for Wakefield, 3-0. Melrose proved too fast for Wakefield in the next game, and the team was defeated for the first time, 3-0. In the final game of the season Wakefield won from Danvers High 1-0, in what proved to be the closest game of the season. The contest lasted three over-time periods.

The lineup was as follows :—

Capt. Horne, r.	S. Collinson, e. p.
Fred Reid, c.	E. Bridge, p.
Frank Reid, l. w.	E. Lenners, goal
A. Collinson, r. w.	



TENNIS

At last the true High School spirit is awakening in Wakefield and much interest is being shown in various branches of athletics. One of the sports, which is drawing much attention at the present time, is tennis. The candidates have been called out and there is promising material for a fast team. Probably there will be no W. H. S. representatives in the amateur championship games at Newport this year, but who knows what the school may produce in the years to come?

Mr. Sawyer, faculty manager of athletics in the High School, appears to be almost daily on the court, which we have the privilege of using through the kindness of Mrs. Carpenter, to encourage the candidates and see that every one has a fair chance. As Mr. Sawyer is by no means a poor player himself, he often joins the boys in doubles, and some lively sets are the result.

A tournament is now being held to determine which four candidates will represent the High School in the matches, which have been scheduled. The promising players are: Willis White, Stanley Collinson, Russell Savage, Carroll Bonney, Malcolm Eaton, Paul Guillow and Norman Kingston. All are hoping that tennis receives the necessary support to make it a success and establish it as one of the sports of the High School.

BASEBALL

The baseball candidates were called out April 1st, and about fifteen men reported for practice. Coach George Maloney, retained about twelve of these, and with a few new men whom he has discovered, the squad now consists of fourteen players. Eight of these were members of last year's squad, and have had more or less experience.

Captain Fred Reid is now playing short-stop and is covering the ground in fine style. Leon Horne, who has been transferred from short to third base, is at his best this season. "Chie" Creeden is holding up his end of the game behind the bat, and his speedy throws have reduced base stealing to a minimum. Of the other "vets", Glidden, F. Reid and Doncette are taking good care of the out-field; and Leo Sullivan, although laid up with blood poisoning the first of the season, has shown up well in the games that he has pitched.

Of the new players, Arthur Collinson is covering the initial sack in fine style, and "Tom" Dignan is holding his own on second, while Arthur McTague is making good in the box. The other members of the squad are O'Neil, Murray, Barret and S. Collinson.

The team has been having rather hard luck so far, and has lost the majority of the games; but it is hoped that it will soon get into winning form, and come out as strong as last year's team.



EXCHANGE JOKES!

Senior (translating hat) "The king flees!"

Teacher "No. Use the perfect tense."

Senior "I don't know how."

Teacher "The king has flees."

—Ex.

Teacher "What did Milton do after his wife died?"

Senior "I don't know — oh, yes! He wrote 'Paradise Regained'."

Steward on a steamship "Your lunch will be up in a minute, sir."

Passenger "So will my breakfast."

—Ex.

Mother "Why do you make such a racket?"

Freshie "To play tennis with."

Mother "Then you will need a bawl. Get me my slipper."

English as she is spoke:

"Hello! Thatchoo Kit?"

"Sure. S'il, ain't it?"

"Betcherlife! Whenja gitback?"

"Smoking, Whenjoo?"

"Lilwilago, Jayagoodtime?"

"Uh-huh."

"Wharja gokit?"

"Sconsum. Werejoo?"

"Mishgmn, jeyver go?"

"Javvanyfun?"

"Uh-huh. Lots. Wenner ynh comin' over?"

"Safnoon."

"Srite! Well slong."

"Slong."

FUNNIES



Miss Gilmore "Miss McMaster, do you know it all?"
 Miss McMaster "Yes'm."

IV History (Tredinnick yawning) "I walked home last night."

Miss Pattee "Take a walk now. Walk to the office."

Bonney (translating German) "I don't know what 'Overwork' is."

Miss Gilmore "I thought you did not."

IV Chemistry. Mr. Preble "I am going to have the talking stop. The next person that stops will have to leave the room."

Vocabulary Drill. Miss Gilmore "To weigh—Miss Taft."
 Chorus "Use standard scales."

Mr. Preble (speaking to Bonney, '14) "I can't furnish you with brains when there are none around here."

Miss Walton was giving topical outline of Burke's speech.

Miss Ingram "Excuse me for interrupting, but state your temper first."

Miss Clement to Hutchinson "Well, can you give us a little translation?"

Hutchinson "Don't know. I'll tell you in just a minnute. I haven't looked it over yet."

Miss Ingram (explaining to IV English A the work to be done) "Now you've got to do it, so you might as well make up your faces."

Shoes were being discussed in the long recess. "Oh!" cried one girl, enviously, "Do you know, Miss M. only wears two shoes." Quite remarkable, isn't it?

Miss Ingram (after reading Burn's love poems) "Why do you like Burn's poetry, Hildur?"

Miss Carlson (starting) "Because it sounds natural."

Miss Ingram "What great thing has this century given to the world?"

Gordon "The Tango."

Stewart in IV German (speaking of marks) "Where do I stand?"

Miss Gilmore "Somewhere down below."

Here's a wise one!

Mr. Preble "If you don't know where you are, you're lost."

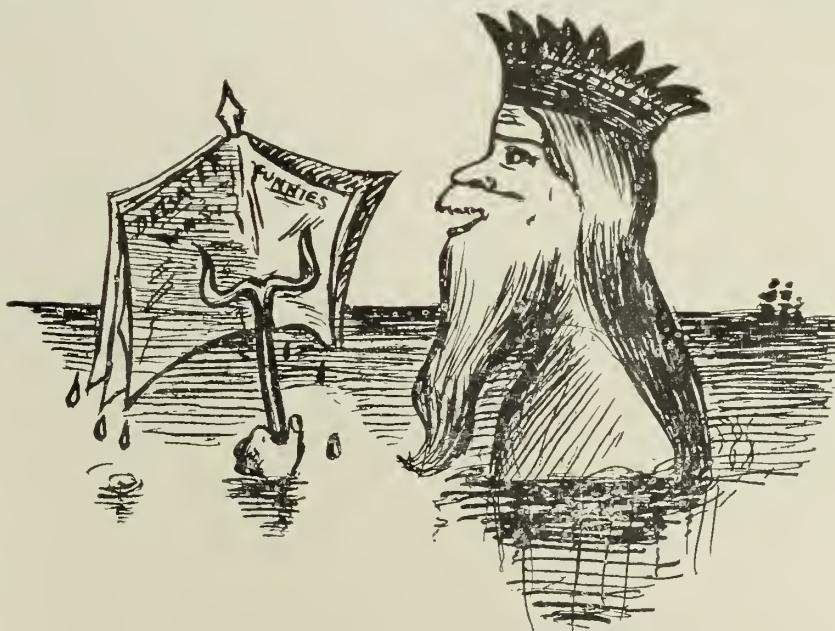
Miss Pattee "There's no one who appreciates your jokes but yourself, Dillaway."

Dillaway "Well! that's enough."

Mr. Preble (after explaining that the heaviest part of a falling body strikes first) "Johnson, if you should fall, you would probably fall feet first."

Our chief reporter is sick most of the time so that he is in no condition to see a joke, even when Mr. Butterfield tells one, so you understand why they are so few.

Miss Walker is now trying to make us understand that she didn't know it was Stewart who was holding her hand in the German class; thought it was Miss Taft. Oh, bliss!



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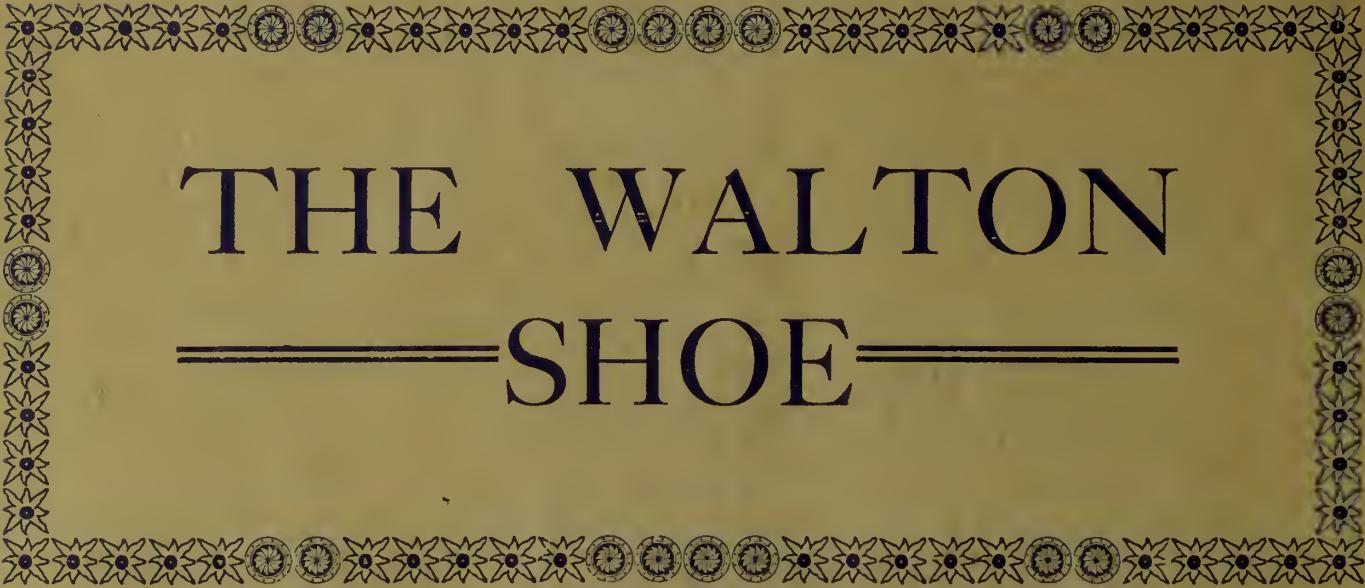
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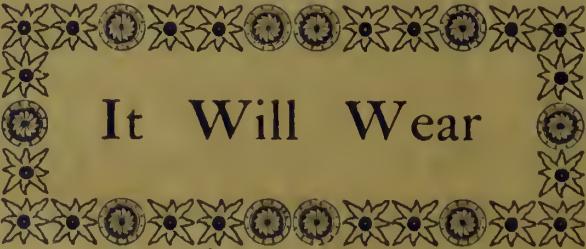
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